

## THE VAMPIRE.

I DREAM in strange laughterless mazes ;  
I wake at the set of the sun ;  
All popped the pæan of praise is  
That lives on the lives it has won.  
And crimson grow cheeks that are ashen,  
And gold gleam the locks that are grey,  
For I live—and bright blood is my passion,  
Hot-veined in the heart of the day !

Aha ! For the rapture that dazes !  
Wine-drained as the breast of a nun  
Droops the throat that my savage soul raises,  
Thirsting yet for the life that is done !  
Sharp as rocks where strong billows have thundered,  
Calm as seas where strange tempests have run,  
Strong as Death ; where the Derelicts Sundered  
Feed the Soul without Hope, which is One.

In the Vault of the Infinite Spaces,  
By the Moon of a mirrorless Sea,  
I lie, while Eternity races—  
Dream-bound in the visions of me.  
See popped lips pale in the star-light,  
The lustiest swoon at my breath,  
Till the were-wolves howl—ho ! 'tis the far light !—  
Even so—I caress—it is Death !

ETHEL ARCHER.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S  
**THE EQUINOX**

More at <https://keepsilence.org/the-equinox>

This work made possible by donations from:

**Ordo Templi Orientis**

AMeTh Lodge  
London UK

Horizon Lodge  
Seattle WA

Nicholaus Gentry

Michael Effertz

Stewart Lundy

סְתוּר

IAO131

Connor Smith

Scott Kenney

John MacDonald

Lutz Lemke

Fr. I.V.I.V.I.

Keith Cantú

Alan Willms

Mark Todd

Adam Vavrick

Vinicius de Mesquita

Michael Schuessler

Mark Dalton

Dean Ellis

Kjetil Fjell

Lilith Vala Xara

Abigail I. Habdas

Tony Iannotti

Jay Lee

Robin Bohumil

Enatheleme & Egeira

Giovanni Iannotti, Ph.D.

Collegium ad Lux et Nox

Arcanum Coronam

Igor Bagmanov

Amber Baker

crescente mutatio.

James Strain

Shaun Dewfall

Eris Concordia

If you would like to contribute please visit:  
<https://keepsilence.org/the-equinox/donate.html>